THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

KITTY WHISKERANDO.

Kit Whiskerando,
Come, sit on my knees;
I have a few words
To say, if you please.
You look very fine
In your shiny black fur,
And 'tis quite delightful
To hear your soft purr.

But, dear Whiskerando,
Though you are so nice,
You are very cruel
To the poor mice;
You pull them and toss them
With your soft paw, —
Such horrible actions
No one ever saw.

And then, Whiskerando,
It really does seem
That you are determined
To get in the cream.
And once you were found
In a jar of minced meat,
And had to be punished
For being a cheat.

Kit Whiskerando,
It troubles my heart
To think you should act
Such a dishonest part.
I love you so well,
I want you to mend,
And then everybody
Will be your true friend.

I think, Whiskerando,
If you'd really try
To do just exactly
As you'd be done by,
And leave off your stealing,
And such tricks as that,
You might be a very
Respectable cat.

M. F. B.

For The Dayspring.

WILL'S ADVENTURE.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

WILL's father and mother were wealthy people, but they had some very good old-fashioned ideas which a great many rich people have not, and one of these sensible notions was that a boy should not spend too much time in idleness. They loved to see him play as well as work, and his father would often play with him, beating him at football, or cricket, or whatever he undertook.

When the family were in the city, where they spent the greater part of the year, Will went to school very regularly, but after school hours his time was his own; when in the early summer they moved out to their farm in the country, Will was regarded as one of the hands, and his father employed him in weeding the vegetables and flowers, especially the latter.

Will used to grumble occasionally at working so hard, and would indulge in various kinds of day-dreams; and, instead of pulling up the weeds, lie on the soft grass, and long for the time when he should be his own master and have no more work to do.

One day, rigged in his working suit, with his great, shady straw hat on, he strolled lazily over to the flowers, and began to pull up a weed here and there, but without very much energy, for his thoughts were wandering off to the freedom of his twenty-first birthday.

"Oh!" said he, as he threw himself on the grass with the idea that he was quite exhausted, "how I wish that some good fairy would come along and wave her wand over these tiresome old weeds, so that they would come up of themselves!"

The day was very warm, the insects were drowsing around, and Will felt like drowsing himself, — only there was the weeding to be done. So he reached out his hand for what seemed to him a weed in his sleepy condition, and caught hold of a great sun-flower, that seemed to have no end to its roots. It evidently required more strength than any of the others, but Will was determined to have it out of the way; so he pulled and tugged at it until at last it was up, and he had fallen back on the grass with it in his hand.

As he lifted himself up again, what was his amazement at seeing a large hole in the ground where the weed had stood, and right on the edge of it was a queer-looking little woman, with a stick in her hand. She was dressed very oddly, having on her head a high-crowned black hat, and on her feet high-heeled red shoes, with pointed toes. She wore a little short blue skirt and red jacket, and had a peculiar-looking nose and chin that almost seemed to meet, the chin turning up, and the nose turning down.

She was not more than half as tall as Will, and when she spoke it was in a very squeaky voice.

Will looked at her, and she looked at him, as she said, "Well, what do you want, my dear?" at the same time pointing her stick at him.

Will began to tremble all over, and he answered in a very weak voice: "I guess I don't want any thing, but I'm tired of weeding."

"Tired of weeding, eh?" she replied. "Then you do want something, — you want a rest; so come along with me, and you need not do any more work as long as you live."

"Oh!" thought Will, "how jolly! I guess I'll follow the old lady and live an easy life."

Then the fairy stepped over the edge of the hole, and began to descend slowly; not by stairs, for there were none, but by the attraction of gravitation, which seemed to have lost a great deal of its force.

Will followed in the same way, and expected to come down with a thump; but he landed so gently that he could hardly realize that he was at the end of his journey.

He found himself in a large garden, with a soil composed entirely of sand, and where not a blade of grass was to be seen.

"Here," said the fairy, "there is no work to be done, as we have no weeds, — so enjoy yourself. Good day," and she made a funny little courtesy, and then disappeared.

As Will looked around at the nice shining sand, he said to himself, "What a beautiful place to live in, so clean and pleasant!" Then he walked slowly around to examine the flowers, which he found were made of paper, and tied on to sticks. They had no smell, of course, which struck him as very queer; for the roses in his father's garden were exceedingly fragrant. "However, these don't need to be weeded," said Will, "that's a good thing; and I'm mighty glad there's no work to be done for I think I need a rest." And he stretched himself out on the soft sand, thinking at the same time how fortunate he was to get into such a place.

At first, he did not concern himself about the time, he was so delighted with his situation; but, as it drew towards night, and the sun began to go down, he wondered where his new friend was, and if she had forgotten him.

"I will go and find the house," said he; "perhaps she expects me to come to supper without being called." And so he shuffled lazily around, — for he had given

up exerting himself, — and after a while he discovered a little door. At first, he gave two or three little taps, for the strength seemed to have gone out of his wrists, but no one paid any attention to them; then, as hunger was getting the better of him, he roused up, and pounded so hard that he felt quite exhausted.

"What do you want?" said the little old woman, as the door flew open, and she stood courtesying in the hall.

"Some supper," answered Will, quite boldly, for he felt terribly hungry.

"No supper for those who don't work," she snapped out; and the door slammed to again, leaving him quite crestfallen and wretched.

"Work!" said Will, "is there no place where I can get rid of work? What was the use of coming here if I've got to work? I'll go and lie down a while; perhaps the old woman will change her mind." So Will sauntered back to his garden, and threw himself down on the glittering sand again; but it did not make a very comfortable bed, and kept getting into his ears, and troubling him generally, for he had no pillow.

"I can't stand this," said he, — to himself, of course, for he had no one else to talk to, — "I'll go and ask the old lady for a bed. Of course she can't refuse that."

So he almost ran, for he was beginning to get over his lazy fit, and, when he reached the door, he gave three vigorous blows that soon brought the old lady to the front.

"What do you want?" she squeaked out, as before.

"A bed!" screamed Will, in reply.

"Can't give beds to those who don't work," she answered, as shrilly as before; and the door slammed to again as quickly as possible; and Will was left alone, more wretched than ever.

"I wonder what she takes me for," he said. "Can she think I'm a tramp? A tramp," he repeated, "what is a tramp? Why, it's a 'feller' who tries to get board and lodging without working, and I must be a tramp. Is it possible I've come to that? O father, father!" he cried, "I wont be a tramp any longer; I'll do any thing first!"

"What is the matter, Will?" said his father, who appeared just as his son shouted. "What are you screaming about? Why don't you come to dinner?"

"Well, I guess I've been dreaming, father, and I've found out what a lazy 'feller' I am; but I wouldn't be a mean tramp for any thing."

Then he told his father about his dream, and after a good hearty dinner he went to work and made up for lost time; and, when he felt disposed to be lazy again, he thought of the fairy's sayings: —

"People who don't work can't eat; don't give beds to those who don't work."

THE BEGGARS' BRIDGE.

THERE is a legend in Florence that a grand duke once proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain time should be given a new suit of clothes. They were on hand promptly; when all avenues to the plaza were closed, and each beggar was compelled to strip off his old clothes before receiving the new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found secreted to build a bridge over the Arno, which is still called the Beggars' Bridge.

"THE producing cause of all prosperity," said Daniel Webster, "is labor, labor, labor."

Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

XVI.

BOSTON, June 3, 1879.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS, — I hope some of you have read the letters about books, and have been enough interested to be willing to read one more, because I want to tell you of some books about which nothing has yet been said.

The one I care most for your knowing is the "Fairy Land of Science." Now, don't you older ones stop at the first word and cry: "Oh! we are tired of fairy stories; we want something real and true, something that at least *could* happen."

Pray, what is more real than a lump of coal, or a drop of water, or a hive of bees? "You know all about them!" Perhaps you think so, and that is the reason I want you to read this book, and see if there is not more in a lump of coal or a drop of water than you ever dreamed of.

And for the younger ones, who haven't "got into Physics," and don't "take" Chemistry or Botany yet, don't you be frightened by the last word of my title. It is true that the book is about the wonderful laws that govern every part of this great universe in which we live, — the things which wise men delight to spend their lives in studying.

All the same it is fairy-land. Haven't you often wished that you could have really seen the palace of the sleeping beauty, or found yourself in the magic circle among the little folks in green? But you know it was only by perseverance as well as courage that the prince got through the wood, and only those who were very patient and careful could see the little folk. The girl that spoke toads only saw a stupid old beggar woman, and even Beauty did not at first see any thing interesting in the Beast.

You older ones who have outgrown "story-books" may safely condescend to this, for it is really a set of lectures; and you little ones need not be alarmed at any thing so grand, for they are lectures given to children, and printed because the children who heard them liked them so much. They were to English children, and so the example taken for the lecture on plants is a flower more common in England than here, — the primrose; but you can easily find one of our wild flowers which will serve as illustration.

Now, have I made it clear that every one of you, large and small, ought to enjoy my book? If you were my own boys and girls, I should make one condition, that you read only *one* lecture at a sitting, and that carefully, taking time to think about it, and to remember what you have yourself seen.

Next, I have at hand a book which will be a treasure to any boy who is going to the sea-shore this summer. It is called "Ocean Wonders: A Companion for the Sea-side," and is by Mr. W. E. Damon, himself an enthusiastic student of the myriads of living things on our coast. This has the advantage over the English books on the subject that it tells us about the inhabitants of our own waters, and it gives careful directions about the stocking and keeping of an aquarium.

Make a note of this, you young people, who will be wondering about the pretty star-fish, and queer sea-urchins, and fiddler crabs. Don't be content to look at one a minute, say "How funny!" and throw it back again; but beg or borrow a glass jar or old bottle, fill it with sea-water, drop in a bit of green sea-weed, and then add any treasures you come across, and watch at your leisure how the star-fish sucks in his

food, and the barnacles flutter their beckoning fingers, and the crab skurries on his errands.

How many of you children "hate grammar"? "Oh, dear!" somebody cries, "You are not going to say that we must find that interesting! Horrid nouns and verbs and adverbs, with their rules, always governing or limiting or agreeing!"

My dear children, it were well if you could always define the laws of the governing, limiting, and agreeing of other things as easily and conclusively as of the parts of speech.

But here is a book which actually assumes to find fun in Grammar. It is called "Grammar Land," and certainly some children have enjoyed it. Dip into it if you have a chance, and if you open to the picture of brisk Mr. Pronoun, accosting portly Mr. Noun, and offering to go in his stead, I think you will not soon forget what sort of work the Pronoun does. Now for story-books, pure and simple. There is a good thick book for boys, "Left to Themselves." It tells of the adventures of two boys in Australia, including being lost in the bush, and every thing comes out right in the end.

Then I want you to remember "Father Phim," and get it if you can. It is not a large book, and I am afraid you might overlook it, because the title tells you nothing at all. I will not tell you the story, but suppose I give you this clue. There are two Father Phims; the real one is a good old Irish priest, but the one of whom you hear most is a little girl, whom her brother sometimes in fun calls "fat Father Phelemy Phim Philip McQuirk," almost as bad as "Peter Piper," you see, if you try to say it fast!

And for the little children there is a pretty story of "Cissa's Black Cat." Both this and "Father Phim" were written by Miss Annie Keary, who wrote also "A York and a Lancaster Rose," the pleasant story of two young English girls, which some of you may know. She has written, too, some charming novels for older people, and, though we knew nothing of her except her books, some of us were very sorry when we heard this spring that she would write no more for us. She was dead. So we are glad that she had already written these books for you children. The charm of all her books is the same; the people are all individuals, each with his or her own ways of thinking and acting, so that we really know and care for them. I am sure you will like her children, for while they are good, and true, and brave, they live in their own child world, with the plans, and the fancies, and the "make-believes" that you children have among yourselves.

Now, good-by. If among these books you find any one that you like especially, be sure and tell some one else of it, so we can help all round, and you will let me be indeed YOUR FRIEND.

A LADY taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied: "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been countin'!"

BE honorable and honest in all your dealings.

THERE is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things.

For The Dayspring.

THE TWO SQUIRRELS.

WOULD you like to hear the story
(Yes, I'm very sure you would)
Of two pretty little squirrels,
Who were living in a wood?

One was very proud and idle,
Never doing any work;
He was what, in little children,
We should call a little *shirk*.

But the other little squirrel
Was industrious and good;
Keeping busy all the autumn,
As a little squirrel should.

Gathered apples, nuts, and acorns,
Carried home a bounteous store;
Filled each room from floor to ceiling,
Till his house would hold no more.

Working, working, always working,
Was this busy little bun;
Never stopping, never playing,
Until all his work was done.

Many miles each day he travelled;
Back and forth he came and went,
With a stock of nice provisions, —
Not a moment was misspent.

Meanwhile idle little squirrel
Sat there basking in the sun,
With his sleepy eyes half-open,
As he watched his brother bun.

"I," said he, "enjoy my freedom!
What's the use of working so?
There'll be food enough in winter:
Ain't I old enough to know?"

But, when winter came upon him,
With its rain and snow and sleet,
Then this idle little squirrel
Had not any thing to eat.

He had taken no precaution
'Gainst the winter's piercing wind,
And it gave him chills and fever,
In a manner most unkind.

Weak from pain and faint from hunger,
Crawled he to his brother's door.
"Give me food," he cried; "I hunger.
Give me shelter, I implore!"

Then the happy little squirrel
Took his needy brother in;
Gave him food and care and shelter
Till the warm days should begin.

But he cautioned him, in future,
Not to idle any more.
"No one knows," he said, "in autumn,
What the winter has in store."

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

WE ought never to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

WE should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distress of human life.

SOMETIMES those who admire themselves so much are the only ones who do so.

"GOOD-NIGHT, dear Edward, you must say your prayers to Sarah."

Looking up in his mother's face, he said: "No, Mamma; I'll say my prayers to God."

IT is not enough that we approve and desire things that are right. We must desire them more than any thing else.

I WONDER if any of the readers of "The Dayspring" ever thought that they might with truth add a little to the Fifth Commandment, so that it would read: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy *and their* days may be long in the land the Lord thy God hath given thee."

W. G. B.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

CHILDREN should study how to make home happy. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book, — a right way to do every thing that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the yard. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters. — *Selected.*

AVOID THE LAW.

Two boys, passing near a large tree, found a fine large walnut.

"It belongs to me," said Bernhard, "because I saw it first."

"No, it's mine, since I picked it up," replied James; and there soon resulted an angry contention between the two. A large boy was appealed to for his judgment in the case. Cracking open the nut, he thus decided:

"Bernhard, you take this shell, since you first saw the nut; and to you belongs the other shell, as you picked it up. The contents of the nut belong to me as payment of the court expenses, as is fitting and usual in cases where the law is appealed to." — *Selected.*

CHILDREN are the to-morrow of society.

THE RAINBOW.

ONE afternoon, while Mrs. Merrill was visiting in the country with her children, Willie and Maggie, there came up a shower. The rain poured in torrents; and the children, who had been playing out of doors ever since they rose from their beds, thought that all fun for that day was at an end. They began to fret, and to ask their mother what they could do. Their mother told them that they had better play with their toys, which had not been taken from the trunk since they were carefully packed there on leaving home. Playing with toys seemed dull sport to Willie and Maggie, who had been picking flowers and chasing butterflies for a week, but, as they could think of nothing better to do, they tried to amuse themselves in this way while the rain lasted.

But the rain did not last long. Soon blue sky began to be seen in the west, and shortly after the sun shone again. Then Mrs. Merrill and the children went out upon the piazza to see the rain-drops which were glistening on every leaf and flower and blade of grass. As they looked to the east, they saw a beautiful rainbow. Do you not see how pleased Willie is at the sight? He is as happy as he was before the shower. How many beautiful things there are to make us glad!

For The Dayspring.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY A. E. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE bright sun of a June morning had been shining for some time before its rays came into the window of a small room in a narrow city street, and fell on two little children sleeping on a straw bed in one corner. There was little else in the room, — a broken chair, a small pine table, a wooden water-pail, and a few pieces of crockery upon the shelf of the open closet. Poverty was there, and sickness and death had been. The children were friendless orphans; their father had been dead for some years, and their mother, after struggling hard to support herself and them, had been taken ill, and had died two or three days before. A compassionate neighbor, too poor to do much, had taken the little ones to her own room when she saw death approaching, and had kept them till after the funeral, — a funeral attended by no one but the city officials who have charge of such matters; and then Dicky and Daisy had been permitted to go back to what had been their home (a poor enough home, but the only one they knew), to stay one night, and the next day were to be taken away to some charitable institution.

But Dicky, who was seven years old, had no intention of being taken away. He had heard the landlord say to the kind neighbor, "I'll give notice to the proper officers, and they'll send for the children to-morrow;" and all his ideas of officers being connected with police courts and prisons, he had resolved not to go, nor let his little sister go. So, when the sun shone into his eyes, rousing him from sleep, his first thought was of escape.

"Wake up, Daisy," he said, softly; "wake up, and we'll go and find mother." Little Daisy rubbed her eyes, sat up, and looked wonderingly about her; but she was accustomed to do as she was told, and had great faith in her brother's wisdom, so she began at once to put on her clothes. There was a little water in the pail, and Dicky washed her face and hands, drying them on a ragged towel, and then performed the same good office for himself. Next he combed her tangled curls as well as he knew how, not daring to pull much lest he should hurt her; and going to the closet found a piece of dry bread, which he divided with the little one. "Now, Daisy, let us go before the men come to get us," he said, fastening a little shawl around her, and tying on her cape-bonnet. He had already put the few other clothes they possessed into a worn and faded carpet bag, and was ready to start. Daisy obediently followed him down the stairs, and they passed out into the street, unnoticed, if not unseen, by the other occupants of the house.

And now Daisy, for the first time, had curiosity enough to ask where they were going. "Why, you know," replied her brother, "mother said she was going across the river to God, and he would send for us by and by; and I thought, if we could find the river, we'd go there and wait, so as to be ready. I'm going down where the cars are, and I guess we can ride in them till we get almost there. I've got some money."

Daisy said no more; and Dicky, who, like most city children, especially the poor, knew his way perfectly all around, led her to one of the large passenger stations. It was yet too early for any trains to start, and very few people were there; so, after watching the cars a few minutes as they

were being prepared for departure, Dicky went up to a good-natured looking man, and said, "Please, sir, do these cars go to the river?"

"What river?" asked the man, turning to look at the children.

"I don't know," answered Dicky; "Mother said she was going across the river to God, and now she's gone."

"And we want to go too," added Daisy, lifting her innocent blue eyes to his face.

"Well, if that don't beat any thing I ever heard!" exclaimed the man. "Haven't you got anybody to take care of you, at all?"

Dicky shook his head. "We never had anybody but mother, and now she's gone. I've got some money," he added, hastily, displaying a few copper coins. "Will that be enough?"

Their new acquaintance did not answer at first. "Had any breakfast?" he asked, abruptly.

"A piece of bread," said little Daisy.

"Come here, then;" and, taking the child's hand, and followed by the boy, he led them to an eating-house near by. Several men and boys were eating at little tables, and a pleasant-looking girl came forward.

"What is it now, Tom?" she asked.

"Give these young ones something to eat, and I'll tell you, Maggie," he answered. The girl smiled, seated the little ones at a table, brought them some soup and bread and a cup of milk; and, while they were disposing of this unexpected and welcome meal, Tom told his story.

"Poor little things!" said kind-hearted Maggie. "I don't see what they can do. Going to put them on board the cars, Tom?"

"Well, yes, — better be in the country than here, I suppose. They may find some one to take them in; and, anyhow, a country poor-house is not so bad as a city one."

"If we were only a little richer!" said Maggie, impulsively, and then stopped; but Tom finished the sentence.

"We could be married directly, and keep them ourselves. Yes, Maggie; but as we can't?"

Maggie considered. "Don't you know any one up that way who might give them a home, Tom? You have relatives."

"Sure enough," answered Tom, "I have an aunt. She hasn't any children, so far as I know, and she used to be a kind sort of woman. I'll ask the conductor to leave them at H." — naming a town some thirty miles distant, — "and I'll give the boy a line to take to my aunt. She lives only a few miles from there, and they'll find some one to take them over, I guess."

Maggie brought pen, ink, and paper, and Tom had his note written by the time the children had finished their breakfast. "And now, what's to pay?" he said, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Nonsense, Tom! do you think any one would take pay for giving those babies a breakfast? Look here! I'll put them up something to eat; they may want it." And Maggie soon returned, with a parcel nicely done up, which she gave to Dicky. Then she kissed them both, nodded a good-by to Tom, and returned to her work, while he left the house with his little charge.

The depot was a far busier place now than when they left it. Passengers were arriving, baggage was piled up ready to be placed in the cars, the engine was attached, and every thing seemed ready for the start. Tom led Dicky and Daisy directly to the conductor, who stood near the baggage-car. "These children are to go to H."

he said. "Will you see that they are left there? I'm paymaster for them."

The conductor looked down upon them with a grave smile. "Some of your friends, Warner? I don't think it will ruin the corporation to give them a free ride. Yes, I'll see them safely to their destination; put them in the forward car."

Tom did so, and then gave Dicky the letter and a half-dollar. "When you leave the cars," he said, "show that letter to some one, and tell them you want to go to the place I've written down. There's some money to pay; perhaps they won't charge you any thing. Good-by, little ones."

So Dicky and Daisy were fairly started to go — they certainly did not know where; but they enjoyed the bright summer morning, and the ride, and all the new things they saw. The conductor, as he passed them occasionally, glanced at them with some curiosity and interest, but he was too busy to stop to talk with them. When the cars arrived at H., he came to them, and said, "Here is where you are to get out, little ones," lifted Daisy down in his arms, and helped Dicky to the platform. "I suppose they know where to go," he said, half aloud, as the cars began to move again, and he cast a last glance at the little figures standing there. "Or some one is to meet them, more likely. I should like to keep that little girl, myself." A sigh followed the words, for it was not a month since his own little daughter, with just such blue eyes and fair curls as Daisy, had left her home to go "across the river." Ah, if he had but known, how quickly would poor little Daisy have found loving hearts to shelter her!

The two children stood watching the cars till they were out of sight; then Dicky, remembering Tom Warner's direction, looked for the letter. He could not find it; and, as he could not read writing, he did not know where he was to go. But he was a bright child, and had been too much accustomed to depend on himself to feel much at a loss now. He went up to a man who stood at the door of the station. "If you please, will you tell me the way to the river?" he asked. "Keep straight up the road, and take the first street to the left," was the answer; and the orphans started again. They had some distance to go before they reached the turning, and, delighted with the wild-flowers which they stopped to pick, the birds and every thing they saw, they made but slow progress, and by the time they arrived at the cross road had forgotten the direction given them, and kept on without turning, till a shady street tempted them to enter it. At first they felt no fatigue; but, as the sun rode higher in the sky, and the heat increased, little Daisy's feet began to falter.

"I'm tired and hungry, Dicky," she said, plaintively; "can't we stop and rest?"

"Yes, indeed; and here's our dinner the lady gave us. We'll sit down under this tree." So they ate the bread and meat which Maggie had put up, and then Daisy laid her head on her brother's knee and fell asleep. Dicky sat and watched her a while; then laid the little head gently on the carpet bag, and nestling on the grass beside her, slept also, and nearly three hours had passed before they woke. They had turned into a little-travelled road, and the few people who passed by supposed they belonged to some family living at no great distance, and did not disturb their slumbers.

To be continued.

For The Dayspring.

A BREAKFAST.

"WHAT makes you so silent, Richard?" asked Mrs. Morton. The family were seated at the breakfast-table; Mr. and Mrs. Morton, their three children, and Richard Everton, Mrs. Morton's brother. He looked up pleasantly when his sister spoke, and answered, "Only thinking what an elaborate affair a breakfast is."

"But surely you don't call *this* elaborate?" said Mrs. Morton, glancing over the table.

"If elaborate things are those which have taken a great deal of labor, certainly I do," he answered, smiling.

Mrs. Morton shook her head, as if she still doubted; and Rosa, the youngest child, said, "Why, Uncle Richard, Fanny set the table, and Susan made the biscuit and coffee, and boiled the eggs, — that's all."

"That's all, is it, Miss Rosa? Let us see: what are these very nice biscuit made of?"

"Flour, — and some other things."

"And the flour is made from —?"

"Wheat; everybody knows that."

"And where did the wheat grow, Rosa?"

"In Minnesota, I suppose; for I heard father say this was Minnesota flour."

"Very well: some people out in Minnesota prepared the ground, and sowed the wheat, and gathered it when ripe; others made wagons, and trained horses to carry it to the mill; others built the mill and made the machinery; others made the railroads, the engines, and freight-cars that brought it here —"

"And the barrels to put it in," interposed Dick, Mr. Everton's nephew and namesake.

"Yes; and, when it arrived here, Susan could not make the biscuits if some one had not made a stove or range, and others dug the coal from the mines and brought it to be used."

The children were all interested now, and Mr. Everton went on: "Then the farmers worked, to give us the milk and butter; and people away off in other countries cultivated the coffee and sugar, and others built great ships to bring it to us, and great storehouses to put it in. And Fanny here could not do her part and set the table, till some one had made the table, and others the dishes, and people had worked in the silver mines to get the ore, — and I fancy there was a deal of labor before that silver ore was turned into these pretty spoons," lifting one, as he spoke, "with the 'M' on them. And so, Rosa, you see now that hundreds or thousands of people have had to work that you might have this very simple breakfast," looking at his sister with a smile.

"I think you have made out your case, Richard," she said; "but how little we ever think of all this?"

"And he didn't put in nearly all the things," added Master Dick.

"But they didn't do it for us particularly," said little Rosa.

"Oh, yes, they did; only they did not know it. I saw half a dozen little girls here yesterday, sewing as busily as possible; and, when I inquired about their work, they said it was for a mission school in the city. Now you did not know for what child any of you were making the garments; but some particular child will have each one, and you were really, though unconsciously, making it for that very child."

"But, Uncle Richard," said Dick, "as they did not know they were working for us, and did it only to earn things for them-

selves, I don't know that we need to be particularly grateful to them."

"No, Dick; but you can be grateful to the love and wisdom that has so made the world that His children *must* help each other, whether consciously or not. And you can have a kind feeling to the people in foreign countries, and at home too, without whose labor you could not have all these things."

"I wonder," said Fanny, who had not before spoken, "if all the work people do helps others."

"Indirectly, I suppose it does," answered her father; "though some of it certainly does harm, as the making and selling of things that are injurious. But perhaps you were thinking, Fanny, of the little things that children can do? Yes, it all helps, even the least bit of work; so you need never be discouraged. And now, I think, I must go to my work at once."

The children did not forget this conversation, and often amused themselves with thinking how the various things they used were made, and from what long distances they came. Not long after, the little girls went to visit their cousins in the city, who were glad to have them come, and tried to make their visit pleasant; and as Charles and Julia Grant were intelligent and good-tempered, and their parents kind and considerate, the young Mortons enjoyed themselves very much.

"Charles," said Mr. Grant, one morning, as he was going out, "come to the store at half-past nine; I have something for you to do."

"Yes, sir," answered Charles; but he seemed a little "out of sorts" that morning, and when his father had gone he added, "I don't see why I need to go and work for other people. I don't want them to work for me, I'm sure."

He went into the hall and took his cap to go out; then changed his mind, and went to the library, to read until it was time for him to go to his father. The three girls were in the sitting-room, next to the library, and the door was partly open; but they did not see Charles, and supposed he had gone out.

"Did you hear what Charley said?" asked Rosa, suddenly.

"Yes," replied Julia, quickly, a little afraid that Rosa was going to blame him; "what of it?"

"Do you suppose he was in fun, or didn't he know?" pursued Rosa, unconscious of Fanny's warning look.

"I dare say he was in fun, Rosa, but what do you mean? Didn't he know what?"

"That people are working for us all the time, everywhere."

Julia looked so astonished, that Fanny said, "Rosa is thinking of something that Uncle Richard told us;" and then she went on to repeat the conversation as well as she could.

"I never thought of such a thing," was Julia's comment. "It is very curious, isn't it?"

And then, to the surprise of the girls, the library door was opened wider, and Charles said, "I think you're a very good preacher, Miss Fanny; much obliged for your sermon."

"I was not preaching to you, Charley," she answered, "for I did not know you were there."

"No; if you had, the sermon might not have proved so useful. So we are working for other people, whether we will or not? Well, I am going to the store; I haven't the least idea what father wants me to do, but I hope it will do good to some 'heathen Chinee,' or Fiji Islander. Good-morning, young ladies."

HUMOROUS.

"Now, then, Madam, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see any thing there."

"Clara," asked Tom, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" — "The rain, dear," was the reply.

A teacher once endeavored to illustrate faith thus: "Children, if I should tell you that one day I saw a monkey climbing a liberty-pole, would you believe it?" — "Yes, sir," unanimously. "Well, that is faith; you believe me because I say it, and you feel sure that I would not tell an untruth." The next day, the question was asked of the same children, "What is faith?" — "A monkey climbing a liberty-pole," answered a quick little boy.

"What does transatlantic mean, mamma?"

"Oh! hold your tongue, and don't bother me with any more questions. But I'll tell you this, and then keep still: Transatlantic means across the Atlantic. There!"

"I wanted to ask you what transparent means, mamma. But I guess I know now: it means a cross parent."

A Michigan gentleman, whose education was considered fair, wrote to a bookseller as follows: "Dere sur: If ye hev got a book called Danel Webster on a bridge pleas send me a copy by Pyser's Express c. o. d. — I want to git it to-morror if i kin, caus my spellin techer says I oughter hev it."

An Irishman, having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Och!" answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

A little girl in Scotland was asked, "What is patience?" After a moment's thought, she said, "It is, wait a wee bit, and dinna get tired."

A youngster while warming his hands at the fire was remonstrated with by his father, who said, "Go away from the fire; the weather is not cold." — "I ain't heating the weather; I'm warming my hands," the little fellow demurely replied.

For The Dayspring.

PUNISHED.

A CURLY head on bended arm,
A tear on flushing cheek;
A little play, — he meant no harm;
A child's mischievious freak.

The punishment brought sore distress:
His heart was broken quite;
The whole world knew, — to him no less
When school and home unite.

Life looks a barren waste to one,
When those who love us see
Our banners trailing, ere the sun
Shines on our victory — gloriously.

And so the vanquished drooped his head,
And gently wooing Sleep
Laid precious balms, with peace o'erspread,
On heartwounds wide and deep.

When in the school of life we miss
High aims, and meet distress,
From following pleasure's luring bliss,
Or, hopeless, asking less,

We patient keep our hearts, and weep
Our pain in tears away.
The trusting soul may, waiting, reap
The joy of endless day.

A. D. D.

UNITARIAN AFFIRMATIONS: Seven Discourses given in Washington, D.C., by Unitarian Ministers. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 1879.

The titles and authors of the Discourses contained in this little volume are as follows: "The Universal and Special in Christianity," by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D.; "The Bible," by Rev. J. F. Clarke, D.D.; "God," by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.; "Jesus Christ," by Rev. Brooke Herford; "Man," by Rev. Geo. W. Briggs, D.D.; "The Church: the Society which Jesus Gathered," by Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D.; "The Life Eternal: Heaven and Hell," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop. Every one of these discourses is excellent; every one characteristic of its author; and every one highly useful as a statement of religious truth which ought to be heard often, both by those who are Unitarians and those who are not. The book is published in an attractive form, and sold at fifty cents in cloth, twenty-five cents in paper.

THE excellent series of "Letters about Books," which members of the Ladies' Commission have kindly contributed, and which we have rejoiced to publish from month to month since November last, is now finished. These letters have been written with great care by those perfectly qualified for the work, and are of great value to young persons, and all who wish to aid young persons in the choice of good reading. That they may be more widely read, we will mail to any address, on the receipt of *twenty cents*, the nine numbers of the "Dayspring" in which they are published.

THE next series of the "Sunday-School Lessons" will begin with the September number, and be devoted to the Teachings of Jesus.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA. No. 1.

An old and famous city.
My first is in owl, but not in bird;
My second is in flock, but not in herd;
My third is in man, but not in boy;
My fourth is in doll, but not in toy;
My fifth is in old, but not in new;
My sixth is in rain, but not in dew.

ENIGMA. No. 2.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 1, 2, 4, 21, is a place for the dead.
My 5, 6, 7, is an adjective.
My 4, 5, 6, is a human being.
My 21, 17, 9, 8, 11, is a piece of wood.
My 16, 8, 20, 8, 22, 20, 5, 4, is a dessert.
My 14, 16, 20, is something to eat.
My 12, 10, 15, 18, 25, 13, 5, 7, 20, 22, is a fortune-teller.
My 24, 19, 3, 4, 5, 13, is a boy's name.
My 21, 23, 15, 24, is worn on the foot.
My whole is an old adage.

CHARADE.

My first is the orb of day.
My second adorns the lea.
My whole ever turns to my first,
In whatever place it may be.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A useful metal. 2. A city in Europe. 3. To leave out. 4. Articles used in fishing.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Judge not and ye shall not be judged.

CHARADE.

Par-a-site.

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